



ISSUE

#4

\$3.99

ALIENS™

DEFIANCE



BRIAN WOOD
TONY BRESCINI
DAN JACKSON

ALIENS™

DEFIANCE

ISSUE #4

AFTER QUELLING A PROGRAMMED MUTINY BY THE OTHER COMBAT SYNTHETIC DAVIS UNITS ON THE *EUROPA*, Colonial Marine Private **ZULA HENDRICKS** is AWOL deep in space along with Davis 01. Could their damaged conditions interfere with their mission to eradicate the alien species? Haunted by her traumatic battlefield experiences and injuries, Zula must dig deep and make a hard decision.

SCRIPT
BRIAN WOOD

ART
TONY BRESCINI

COLORS
DAN JACKSON

LETTERING
**NATE PIEKOS
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER
**MASSIMO
CARNEVALE**

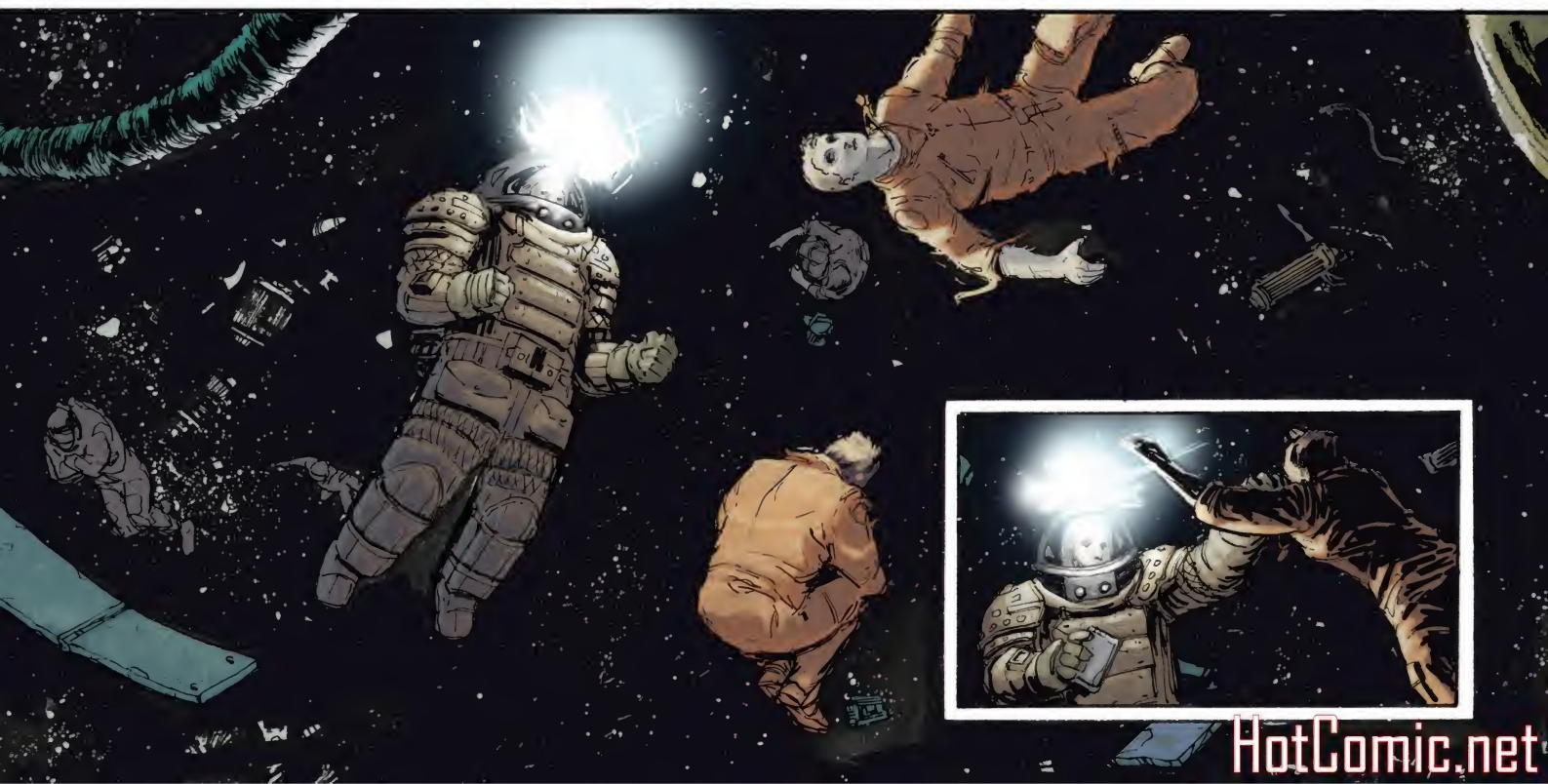
SPECIAL THANKS TO **JOSH IZZO** AND **NICOLE SPIEGEL** AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON** Editor **SPENCER CUSHING** Assistant Editor **KEVIN BURKHALTER**
Designer **HUNTER SHARP** Digital Art Technician **CONLEY SMITH**

ALIENS: DEFIANCE #4, August 2016. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Aliens™ & © 1986, 2016 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. TM indicates a trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in Canada.

Advertising Sales: (503) 905-2237 | International Licensing: (503) 905-2377 | Comic Shop Locator Service: (888) 266-4226

DarkHorse.com | Facebook.com/DarkHorseComics | Twitter.com/DarkHorseComics



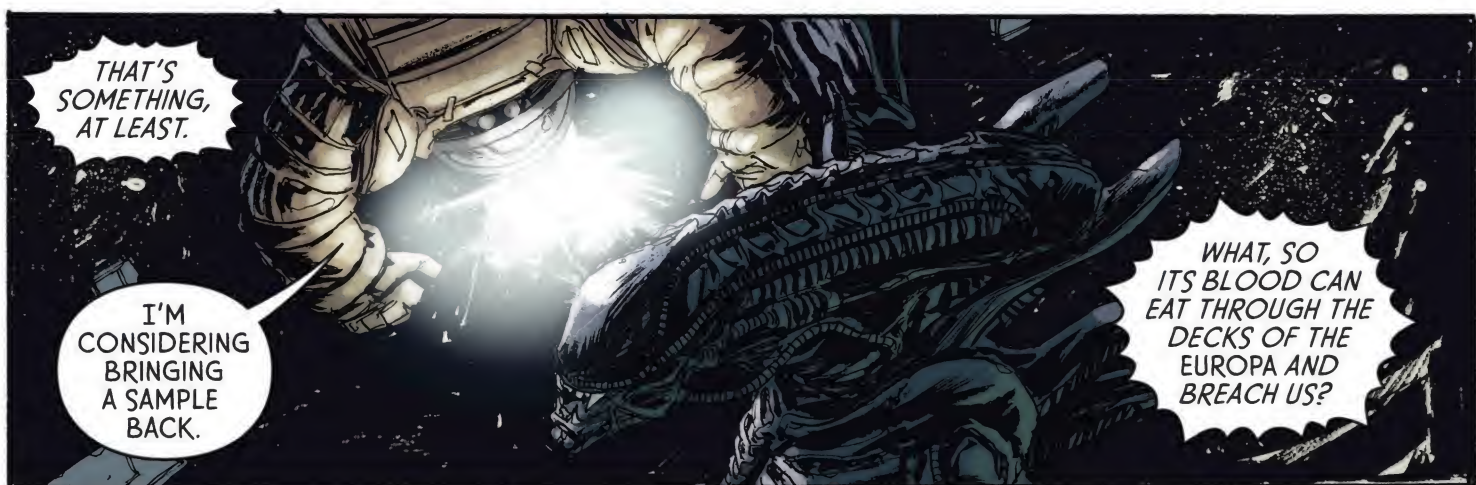


HENDRICKS,
I CAN CONFIRM
AN ALIEN BODY
IN THE DEBRIS
FIELD.



HALF
OF ONE,
RATHER.

SO THE
CREW DID
PUT UP A
FIGHT.



THAT'S
SOMETHING,
AT LEAST.

I'M
CONSIDERING
BRINGING
A SAMPLE
BACK.

WHAT, SO
ITS BLOOD CAN
EAT THROUGH THE
DECKS OF THE
EUROPA AND
BREACH US?



IT'S A
FASCINATING
BEAUTY THESE
THINGS HAVE.

...DAVIS?

YOU GOING
ALL WEYLAND-YUTANI
MIND CONTROL
ON ME?

NEGATIVE.
I'M STRIVING TO
APPRECIATE LIFE IN
THOSE THINGS THAT
POSSESS IT.

MAYBE JUST
PAY ATTENTION TO THE
PEOPLE. WE OWE IT TO
THEIR FAMILIES TO GET
A RECORD OF WHAT
HAPPENED HERE.

COPY
THAT.

WHEN THE OTHER
DAVIS SOLDIERS,
THE MUTINEERS,
OPENED THE PIPE
TO WEYLAND-
YUTANI'S COMMS,
THERE WAS A BURST
OF PERSONAL
CORRESPONDENCE...

...ADDRESSED TO **ME**.
LARGE FILES, MEDIA FILES.
I SEQUESTERED THE DATA
AND RAN ANTIVIRUS AND
ANTISURVEILLANCE ON IT A
DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS.
THEN I REMOVED THE DRIVE.

I TOOK MY PERSONAL TERMINAL
OFFLINE. I WASN'T GOING TO
RISK WEYLAND USING ME AS A
BACK DOOR TO GET TO DAVIS.

SEVEN FILES,
ALL TAGGED
"URGENT."

...FROM
AMANDA
RIPLEY...

ZULA, I'M HEADING OFF LUNA SOON. I'M ON THE TORRENS, AND IT'S SORT OF A CRAP ASSIGNMENT **EXCEPT** THAT IT'LL TAKE ME TO SEVASTOPOL...



...MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING OUT ABOUT MY MOM...

...ANYWAY, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND FOR AGES...

...AND NO ONE WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO. I LEAVE IN A WEEK, SO COME FIND ME, OKAY?

NEXT MESSAGE.

...COLONIAL MARINES COMMAND PROPER, LUNA OFFICE. MAJOR DECHALE...

OH, WONDERFUL.

PRIVATE ZULA HENDRICKS, THIS IS STAFF SERGEANT VICTORIA RIOS ON BEHALF OF THE MAJOR. PRIVATE HENDRICKS, YOU ARE OFFICIALLY CONSIDERED AWAY WITHOUT LEAVE...

...YOUR SALARY HAS BEEN SUSPENDED, AS HAVE YOUR MEDICAL BENEFITS. A HEARING IS SCHEDULED FOR YOU THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER NINTH--

MISSED **THAT.** NEXT MESSAGE.

PRIVATE HENDRICKS, DUE TO YOUR NO-SHOW--

NEXT MESSAGE.



PRIVATE H--

SKIP TO NEXT.




I DON'T NEED STAFF SERGEANT VICTORIA RIOS TO TELL ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW.

DR. EMI YANG, M.D.


WHOA.



ZULA, I HOPE THIS MESSAGE FINDS YOU WELL. I'VE MISSED YOU...

A scene in space with two astronauts. One astronaut is in the foreground, looking towards the right. Another astronaut is in the background, reaching out towards a bright light source. Debris is floating in the dark space around them.

"...AND THE FINE WORK WE WERE DOING. YOU ARE ONE OF MY MOST PROMISING PATIENTS, ZULA. I WAS JUST TELLING A COLLEAGUE ABOUT YOU. I PREDICTED YOU'D BE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT BY CHRISTMAS. MAYBE SOONER."

A close-up of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair. She has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. She is wearing a light blue shirt.


BUT IN ORDER FOR THAT TO HAPPEN, I NEED YOU TO COME BACK HOME, ZULA. I KNOW YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD FROM YOUR SUPERIORS. DON'T WORRY--AS YOUR PHYSICIAN, MY AUTHORITY SUPERSEDES THEIRS.

YOU **CAN** COME HOME, ZULA, WITH NO PERMANENT MARK ON YOUR RECORD. YOU'RE IN PAIN, AREN'T YOU? HAVING TROUBLE MOVING AROUND?

A close-up of a woman with dark, curly hair. She has a concerned or questioning expression and is looking slightly to the side. She is wearing a green tank top.

HAVING TO RELY ON THE CHARITY, AND THE PITY, OF THOSE AROUND YOU?

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME THEY SAID, THOSE HORRIBLE, HURTFUL WORDS WHEN YOU WERE LYING ON THAT HOSPITAL BED?

A dark, almost black background with a small, irregularly shaped white area containing text.

"DO YOU WANT TO MAKE IT TRUE?"

DARK HORSE COMICS AND 20th CENTURY FOX PRESENT

ALIENS DEFIANCE

EPISODE FOUR CASUALTIES




SCRIPT BRIAN WOOD


ART TONY BRESCINI

COLORS DAN JACKSON

LETTERING NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®



THE UNITED STATES COLONIAL MARINE CORPS (U.S.C.M.), COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE COLONIAL MARINES, IS THE UNITED AMERICAS' PRIMARY FORCE IN READINESS, FOUNDED IN 2101.




PULL YOUR THUMB OUT, HENDRICKS!



ABLE TO OPERATE INDEPENDENTLY IN ENVIRONMENTS FAR FROM HOME FOR EXTENDED PERIODS THANKS TO THE TECHNOLOGICAL PROWESS AND SIZABLE SPACE FLEET AT ITS DISPOSAL...

...ITS ABILITY TO PROJECT POWER ON DISTANT WORLDS MAKES IT AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT TO THE NATION'S SECURITY.



THE MARINE ASSAULT UNIT, OR M.A.U., IS THE BUILDING BLOCK OF COLONIAL MARINE COMBAT FORCES, A REINFORCED BATTALION DESIGNED FOR INDEPENDENT DEEP SPACE OPERATIONS FAR FROM--



OH, SHUT THE HELL UP, ZULA.



GONNA
GET YOURSELF
KILLED.



BUGS'LL DO
THAT **FOR** YOU,
PRIVATE!

NOT
TODAY,
SIR!



**MOVE
UP!**





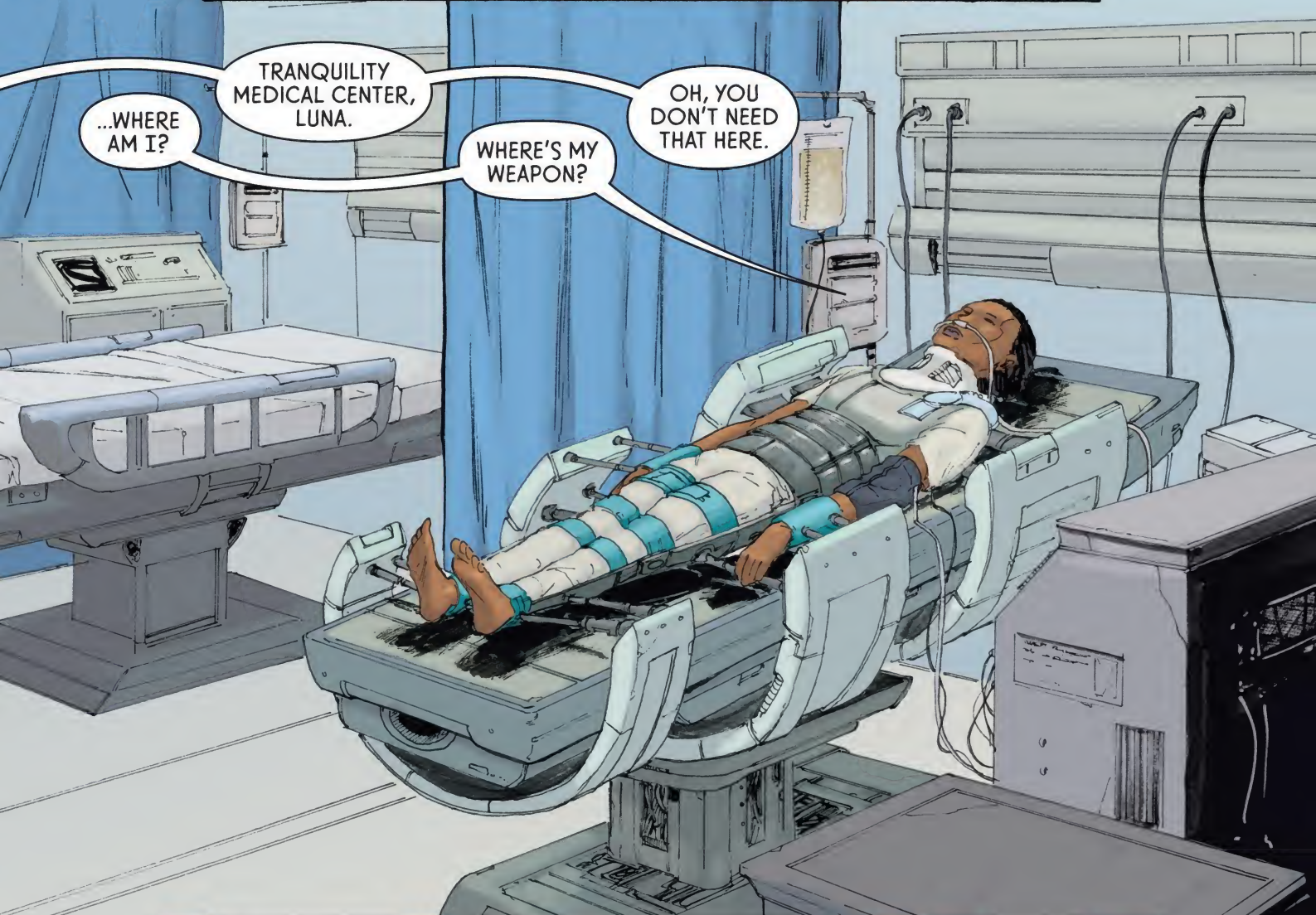
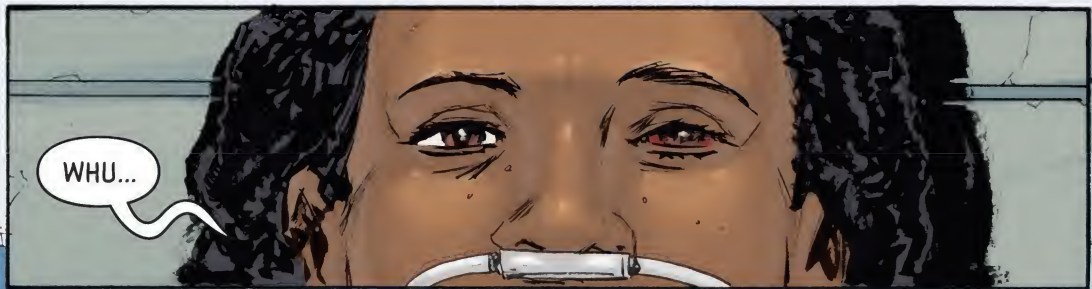
PLEASE
PLEASE
PLEASE
PLEASE

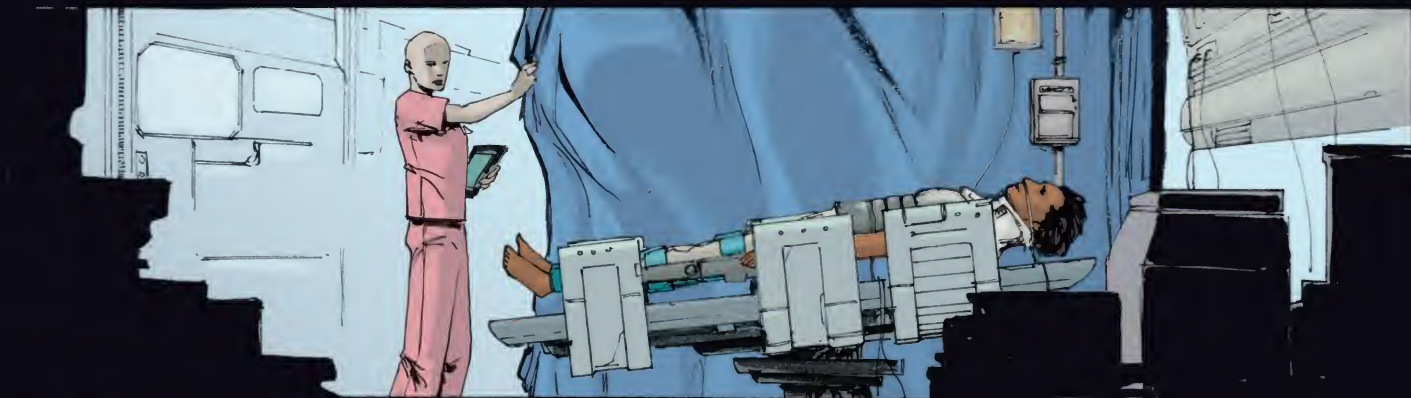


COME
ON COME
ON COME ON
COME ON









MASSIVE
SPINAL
TRAUMA

FAILURE

RUNNING
THOSE TESTS
NOW, BUT
HONESTLY

PULLED HER
OUT, REST OF
THE UNIT TOOK
THE BRUNT

SURPRISED
SHE'S STILL
IN ONE PIECE,
LITERALLY

ASKED FOR
HER WEAPON
RIGHT AFTER
WAKING



PHYSICAL
THERAPY FOR
YEARS

HENDRICKS.
ZULA HENDRICKS.
WITH A C-K-S,
NO X

FIRST
MISSION

TECHNICALLY
POSSIBLE. WOULDN'T
WANT TO BET ON
IT, THOUGH

NO
FAMILY WE
CAN LOCATE.
OUTREACH
RECRUIT



PRIVATE
HENDRICKS.

I
UNDERSTAND
YOU WERE ASKING
ABOUT YOUR
WEAPON.

SIR, YES,
SIR.

CAN'T
HELP YOU.



IT'S BACK
ON THAT ROCK.
BUGS HAVE IT
NOW.

HOW
DOES THAT
MAKE YOU FEEL,
PRIVATE?



NOT
GOOD,
SIR.

I FAILED
THE MARINES,
SIR.

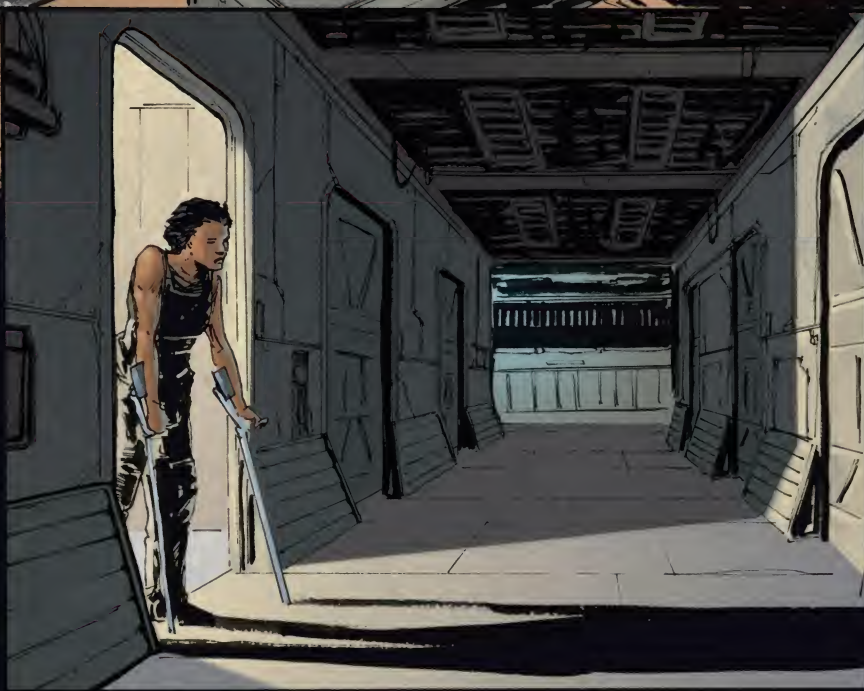


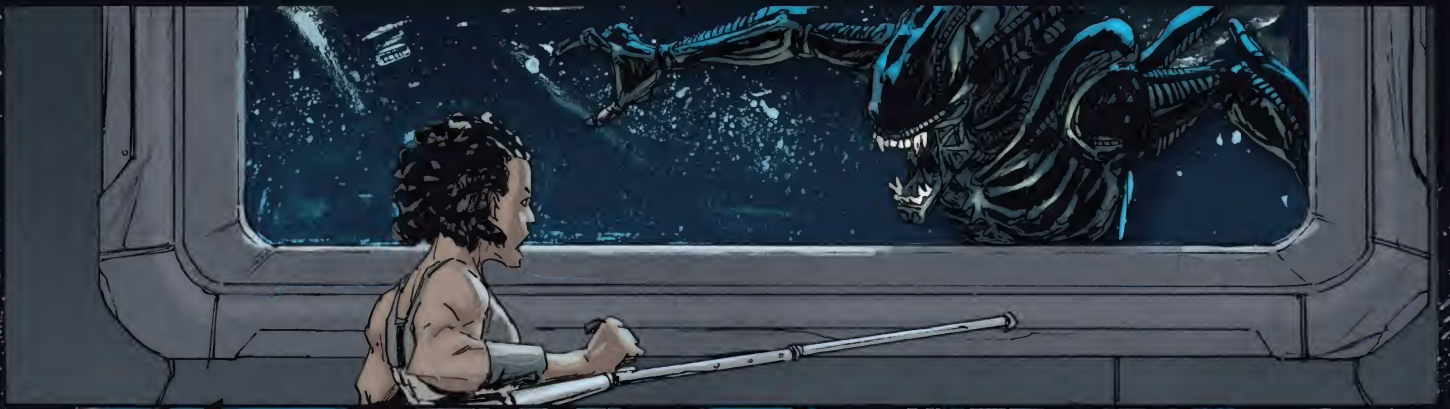
WE TRAINED THE HELL OUT OF YOU,
HENDRICKS. YEARS OF TRAINING.
SPARED NO EXPENSE.

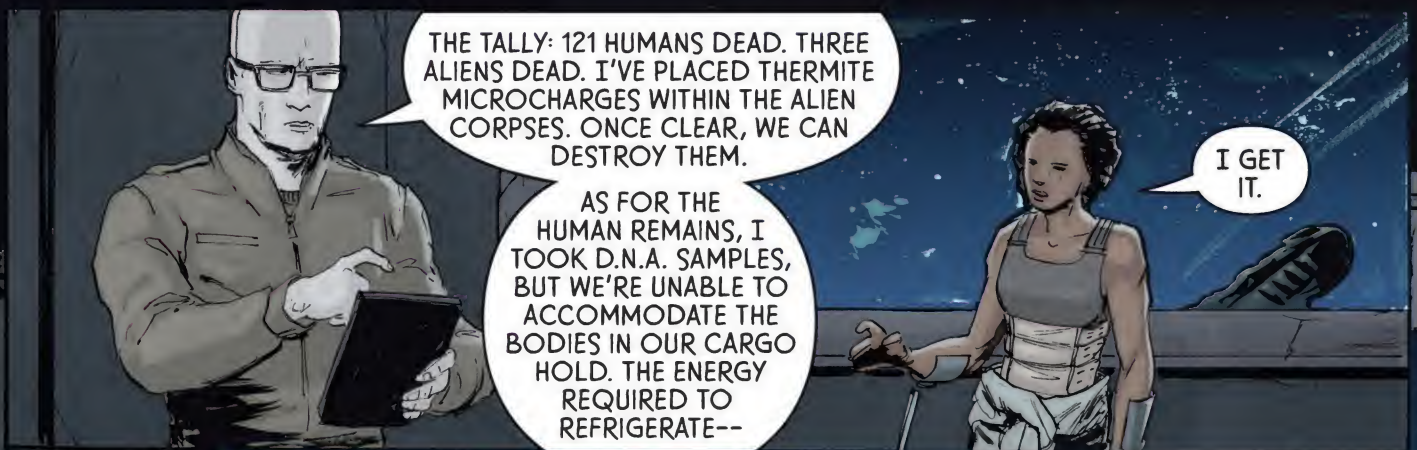
NOW
WE HAVE V.A.
EXPENSES,
THERAPY, YOU
NAME IT. YOUR
MEDICAL WILL BE
THROUGH THE
GODDAMN
ROOF.



AND WE
DIDN'T EVEN GET
ONE BATTLE'S
WORTH OUT
OF YOU.









I'M FUNCTIONAL
AT THE MOMENT.
BUT, LIKE YOU,
NOT GREAT.



CAN I
TOUCH?



YES.

DOES IT
HURT?



...
THAT'S
AN ODD
QUESTION.

AS A COMBAT
SYNTHETIC, MY SYSTEMS
ARE PROGRAMMED TO
ALERT THE C.P.U. TO
DAMAGE AND TO SUGGEST
CORRECTIVE BEHAVIOR
OR EVEN WITHDRAWAL
FROM BATTLE IF
NEEDED.



BUT THAT'S
NOT THE SAME AS
PAIN. FUNCTIONING
WITH PAIN IS...
DEBILITATING.

TELL ME
ABOUT
IT.

BUT,
DAVIS, IT'S
ALSO PRETTY
HUMAN.



"LIKE,
CRUCIALLY
HUMAN."



"ONE
LAST THING,
ZULA..."



...I'M INCLUDING INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW YOU CAN CONTACT ME. THIS IS A SECURE METHOD, SEPARATE FROM MILITARY OR CORPORATE EYES AND EARS. IT'S SAFE. DAY OR NIGHT.

I'M YOUR **DOCTOR**. THIS IS ABOUT YOUR TREATMENT, YOUR WELL-BEING, YOUR LIFE.



IT'S ABOUT SAVING YOURSELF, ZULA.



SCREW IT.



I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW ALONE YOU MUST FEEL OUT THERE.

SECURE CHANNEL OPEN.

"DR. YANG?"



"IT'S ME."

"ZULA HENDRICKS."

TO BE CONTINUED

HotComic.net